This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

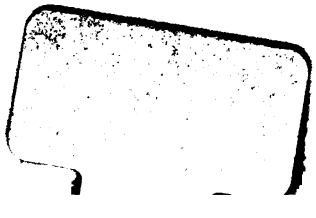
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



TRIBUTE

OF THE

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
62365
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1900.

MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY

To the Memory

OF

GEORGE LIVERMORE.

DR. S. A. GREEN

BOSTON:
MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.
1866.

MASS. HIST. SOC. LIBRARY

TRIBUTE

OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY

To the Memory

OF

GEORGE LIVERMORE.

BOSTON:
MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.
1866.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
P 62365
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1900.

CAMBRIDGE:

PRESS OF JOHN WILSON AND SONS.

TRIBUTE.

At a Stated Monthly Meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, held in the Dowse Library, on Thursday the 14th of September, 1865, after the usual preliminary business, the President, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, spoke as follows: —

I need not say to you, Gentlemen, that our Society has sustained a severe loss since our last monthly meeting. Other names have disappeared of late, in but too rapid succession, from our rolls, which have enjoyed a wider celebrity from their association with exalted public service, or with eminent literary or professional success. But we have been called to part with no name which has been more immediately and peculiarly identified with the prosperity and progress of our own Society, during the golden period of its last ten years, than that of George Livermore; and we owe to his memory the largest measure of respect and gratitude.

We need not look beyond the room in which we are assembled, to find evidence of the leading part which he took in what may almost be called the reconstruction of our Society. No one will have forgotten, that it was from his hand, on the 9th of April, 1857, we received the key that unlocked to us this beautiful library, and that first admitted us to the enjoyment of privileges which each succeeding year has taught

us to value more and more highly. To him, beyond all doubt, as the tried and trusted friend of our munificent benefactor, and as one of his chosen executors, — to him more than to any or all other men except Mr. Dowse himself, are we indebted at once for the original possession of these cherished treasures, and for the rich appointments and liberal endowments by which they were accompanied and followed.

I was myself officially in the way of witnessing his earnest interest and efficient intervention, from the first confidential intimation of Mr. Dowse's views, until the final consummation of the noble gift. And, though his modesty at that day shrunk from any formal recognition of his own relation to the transaction, I should be wanting in fidelity to its history, were I to omit to bear testimony to the controlling influence which he seemed to exercise in our behalf. Our lamented friend was accustomed always to speak of this apartment, in which he justly took so much pride, as finished and completely furnished; nothing to be taken away, and nothing to be added. And so, indeed, we have all regarded it as long as he lived. But now that he is gone, and his familiar and welcome presence may no longer be looked for among us, we cannot but feel that there is something wanting to these walls; that there is a void to be supplied, so far as it is in the power of poor, perishable canvas to supply it; and I trust that at no distant day a suitable portrait may find its place here, which may perpetuate the remembrance of that effective intervention, and that thoughtful and constant care, which have entitled the name of George Livermore to be associated with that of his venerated friend, Thomas Dowse, in connection with this richest of all our possessions.

Our obligations to Mr. Livermore, however, have by no means been confined to those resulting from his relations to our enjoyment of the Dowse Library. From his first admission on the 22d of November, 1849, he has been among our most active and useful associates. As a member of our Standing Committee for many years, and its Chairman for

more than one, and as a member of the Publishing Committee of our beautiful volumes of Proceedings, he has rendered us most valuable services. Nor has he been wanting in important contributions to our collections in the cause of history. The "Historical Research respecting the Opinions of the Founders of the Republic on Negroes as Slaves, as Citizens, and as Soldiers," which he read at the August monthly meeting in 1862, and which he afterwards printed in so many attractive forms, and distributed widely at his own cost, would alone have been enough to secure for him a reputation which any of us might envy.

Our Society, however, I am aware, can claim no monopoly in the sorrow which Mr. Livermore's death has occasioned. Boston has lost in him an upright and intelligent merchant. Cambridge has lost in him a useful and respected citizen. The American Antiquarian Society has lost in him an active associate and trusted counsellor. The Boston Athenæum and the Massachusetts State Library have lost in him a faithful and assiduous trustee. The Sunday-school of his own parish have lost in him a devoted instructor and superintendent. Indeed, it would be difficult to name the public institution in this neighborhood, which has not been directly or indirectly indebted to him for personal services or valuable contributions. Ardent, intelligent, laborious, liberal, philanthropic, he was untiring in his exertions in every field of usefulness which was opened to him. You all know the zeal he displayed in the cause of the Union during the last four years; and how he labored, in season and out of season, at the risk and even at the positive sacrifice of his own health, to promote the raising of troops, to stimulate patriotic action, and to uphold the flag of his country.

Yet, while he was thus willing to spend and to be spent in the service of others, Mr. Livermore had special pursuits and tastes of his own, quite apart from his mercantile connections, to which he devoted his hours of leisure through a long course of years, and which were enough of themselves to

secure for him an enviable distinction and a cherished remembrance. His beautiful library — with its remarkable collection of rare editions of the Sacred Scriptures, including not a few Bibles which had the special charm of having belonged to illustrious persons of other ages and other lands, and, foremost among them all, the Bible of that loved and loving disciple and friend of Luther, Philip Melancthon — was the chief source of his own pleasure, as it was an object of the deepest interest to all who visited him. Nor can any one forget that exquisite bibliographical taste of his, which had been kindled by a personal acquaintance with Dibdin himself; which had been nurtured and stimulated by familiar association with the beautiful books in his own library, or in the libraries of kindred spirits in this or in other States; and which he so often indulged by preparing a private edition of some tract of his own, or of some reprint of a rare old book or pamphlet, in a style which will always render it a gem in the collections of the many friends whom he delighted to gratify with a presentation copy.

I will attempt no analysis of Mr. Livermore's personal character and qualities, in the presence of so many who have known him longer and better than myself. Admirable tributes have already been paid him, and others are ready to be paid here and elsewhere. We had all hoped that many more years of usefulness were still in store for him; but we may apply to him the exquisite words of Jeremy Taylor: "It must needs be, that such a man must die when he ought to die; and be like ripe and pleasant fruit falling from a fair tree, and gathered into baskets for the planter's use." I may be permitted to express my regret, that unavoidable absence from the State prevented me from uniting in the last honors to his remains. But not a few of our officers and members were present on the occasion; and you will all concur, I am sure, in the adoption of the resolutions which the Standing Committee have instructed me to submit, before proceeding to other business this morning: —

Resolved, That it is with deep sorrow we make record of the death of our esteemed associate, George Livermore, Esq., whose services to our Society in many ways, and more especially in connection with our possession and enjoyment of the Dowse Library, have entitled him to our most respectful and grateful remembrance.

Resolved, That the President be requested to appoint one of our number to prepare a memoir of Mr. Livermore, for the next, or an early, volume of our Proceedings.

CHARLES DEANE, Esq., then addressed the meeting as follows: —

You kindly asked me, Mr. President, to say a few words today respecting our dear friend and associate who has departed from us since the last meeting of this Society; and I certainly thank you for the privilege of doing so. One of our members, with whom I conferred concerning this meeting, one who loved our friend most tenderly, said, that he should desire that over this grave, as over no other, the official eulogium might be dispensed with. And, in some respects, I sympathize in this feeling. The modest and retiring nature of Mr. Livermore would have shrunk from the idea of a eulogium of himself. But a moment's reflection would satisfy us that this omission could not be. Our friend was too important a member of this Society, his memory is too closely interwoven with its history and welfare for the past ten or fifteen years, to warrant us in passing over his name in silence. We owe it as a duty to ourselves and to the public to record our testimony here to those rare virtues which should be held up for the emulation of all. And we have the satisfaction, Mr. President, to feel, that whatever shall be uttered here to-day will be uttered as no mere formal eulogy. Every one will speak from the heart, for all loved Mr. Livermore: —

> "None knew thee but to love thee,
> Nor named thee but to praise."

So much has been already said elsewhere, and so well said, on the character of Mr. Livermore, and so much I know will

be contributed from those who will follow me here, — feeling also, as I do, that I should fail in any attempt to express my own idea of the man, — that I shall content myself, in the few words I may now utter, with relating some details of Mr. Livermore's literary history which have come under my own observation. These may not be deemed wholly inappropriate before this Historical Society.

I formed an acquaintance with Mr. Livermore over twenty years ago; being attracted towards him by his loving and genial nature, his general intelligence, his historical tastes, and his great love of books. He had been for some years forming his biblical library. About that time, an important addition was made to his collection of books in this department, by the purchase of a number of bibles from the library of the late Rev. Dr. Homer, of Newton, whose books were placed on sale at one of the book-stores in Boston, and the most valuable of them secured by Mr. Livermore. One of these, I well remember, afterwards proved to have once been the property of Adam Winthrop, the father of the first Governor Winthrop. Soon after, an opportunity was offered by the sale of the library of the Duke of Sussex, which was especially rich in biblical literature, to add copies of other choice editions to his store. In 1845, Mr. Livermore went to Europe, — it being his first and only visit there; and he then took advantage of the rich opportunities before him, to enlarge his collection of books as regards bibles, and to increase his knowledge and gratify his taste on the general subject of bibliography, of which he had long been fond. While in London, he formed an acquaintance with Dibdin, the celebrated bibliographer, who took a great interest in our friend; and, after his return, I remember seeing, in his library, copies of some of Dibdin's own works, which had been presented to him by their author.

Mr. Livermore had early conceived a great admiration of William Roscoe, whom he thought the true merchant scholar.

He named one of his children after him, and always had a bust of him in his hall; and, when we were selecting suitable memorials of distinguished men to place over the bookcases in this room, Mr. Livermore requested that the bust of Roscoe might not be forgotten. While in England, he studied his character anew, on the spot.

His opportunities here of seeing famous men — and what pleased him better, famous libraries — were well improved. His enthusiasm for bibliography — I may almost say, his bibliomania — was well illustrated by a letter he wrote home to a friend from the celebrated Althorp Library, to which he said he had gained access by a letter from Mr. Everett, our Minister in London. "I am writing this letter," he says, "with my arm resting on the 'Decameron.'" This was the famous *editio princeps* of Valdarfer, 1471, the only perfect copy known. It was sold at the great Roxburgh Library sale, in 1812, for the enormous sum of £2,260, or over $10,000, the highest price ever paid for a book. The Roxburgh Club was formed to commemorate the event of its sale. Dibdin had told the story of the book and of its sale with great unction. He says that, when Evans's hammer fell, it resounded throughout the libraries of Europe, and startled Boccaccio himself from his slumber of five hundred years. Mr. Livermore was familiar with all this: so, on entering the library where the famous book now reposes, he seeks it out, places it on the table, and, resting his arm upon it, writes a letter to his friend. What can better illustrate his love of rare books, and his sympathy with a friend in the enjoyment of them?

After his return from Europe, Mr. Livermore continued to add to his library as opportunities and means were afforded. But he not merely *bought* books; he *read* them. On the subject of the Scriptures, — his specialty, — his information was extensive and thorough. And, as regards the history of the different editions of the Bible since the invention of printing, his

ambition was to know every thing, — to exhaust the subject. He carried his inquiries into the by-ways of its history. Although, as I have said, he was not confined to one branch of historical pursuit, still, on this he became like "the man of one book," of whom we are told in the proverb to "beware." A good illustration of the accuracy and minuteness of his knowledge here is exhibited in a series of papers which he contributed to the "Boston Daily Advertiser," in 1849, in reply to the charge brought by Bishop Chase, of Ohio, against Cromwell and the Puritans, of having corrupted the Scriptures. The charge was, that Cromwell, having supreme power, had authorized his friends to change the word "we" — in Acts vi. 3, respecting the appointment of the seven deacons — to "ye," in order to favor the views of the Independents. The Bishop indulged in many other loose statements, neither creditable to his taste nor to his knowledge; among others, that the "Cambridge Platform" of 1648 was based upon this noted error.

Mr. Livermore, in answering the Bishop, showed by respectable Episcopalian authority, that the edition of the Bible, first containing this error, was printed while Laud and Charles I. were in the ascendant in church and state, and that the next edition of the Bible which is known to contain the same error was printed after the Restoration. The truth is it was simply a typographical error.

About the same time he corrected some errors into which Mr. Bancroft had inadvertently fallen, respecting the publication of the Scriptures in this country before the Revolution. An article also which he wrote in the "Christian Examiner," reviewing Strickland's "History of the American Bible Society," gave abundant evidence of his large information on the subject of the translation and circulation of the Scriptures.

In 1850, Mr. Livermore wrote a paper for the "North-American Review," on Public Libraries; being a review of some of the Reports of the British Parliament on this subject.

In this he showed his thorough acquaintance with the condition of libraries, both in this country and in Europe. A curious piece of literary history is connected with this paper. A few months after it was published, a volume of Chambers's "Papers for the People" was issued in Edinburgh, containing an article on "Public Libraries," which was made up of Mr. Livermore's article, and another from the "North-American Review," — written, I think, by George W. Greene, Esq., — and a third from some other source; and no acknowledgment whatever was made by the Edinburgh publisher.

In 1850, Harvard College acknowledged Mr. Livermore's claims to scholarship, by conferring upon him the degree of Master of Arts. I remember, in a note I had from him at the time, he pleasantly said he thought the degree of "D.D." would have been more appropriate.

But Mr. Livermore's claims to be a member of this Historical Society were always made good. He had a love for our early history, and had made a respectable collection of books on this subject; and his library now contains them. He at one time contemplated writing the history of his native town, Cambridge, but relinquished it on learning that our associate, Mr. Paige, was engaged in that work.

You have referred, Sir, to Mr. Livermore's agency or intervention in securing to us this noble library. Mr. Livermore always disclaimed having suggested to Mr. Dowse such a disposition of his library. Perhaps he would have hesitated to take the responsibility, under the circumstances, of directing Mr. Dowse's mind in the matter. Mr. Dowse had had many plans concerning the disposition of his library, but could fix on nothing. I once thought, — perhaps I was mistaken, — that there was danger that his books would come to the hammer. There will be no propriety, I think, in my now stating here, that Mr. Dowse once offered to present his library to Mr. Livermore. Mr. Livermore, of course, would not have accepted of it. He was not the person thus to have taken

advantage of the confidential relation between himself and Mr. Dowse. To some persons of less honor or delicacy, it might have been a temptation. I will relate some of the circumstances which led Mr. Dowse to select the Historical Society to be the recipient of his bounty.

In the latter part of June, 1856, the Historical Society, by invitation of Mr. Livermore, held a special meeting at his house. It was in the season of strawberries, and gentlemen who were present on that occasion will remember the bountiful supply of that fruit which our host had provided for his guests. We called it a "strawberry festival." The next day, Mr. Livermore (as he was in the habit of doing almost daily) called on Mr. Dowse, who was at that time very feeble, and gave him some account of the meeting at his house the evening before, telling him who were present, &c., at the same time taking to him a dish of the strawberries. Mr. Dowse was much interested in the account of the meeting of the Historical Society, and he began to make further inquiries respecting it. He had some general knowledge of its character and position, and was, of course, personally acquainted with many of its members. He probably saw that it was as likely to be a permanent institution as any of the literary bodies among us. Soon afterward, Mr. Dowse asked Mr. Livermore if he thought the Historical Society would accept of his library. He received encouragement that they would. He wished to see a plan of their building, and the rooms they occupied; and, when he had fully decided to offer his library to the acceptance of the Society, Mr. Livermore conferred with the President, and the matter was soon consummated. On the 3d of August, a special meeting of the Society was called for congratulation and acknowledgment. The obligation of this Society to Mr. Livermore, for the liberal endowment made by him as trustee under Mr. Dowse's will, has just been duly acknowledged by the President.

But, Sir, I must bring these desultory remarks to a close.

I can hardly realize that we shall never again see our friend in his accustomed seat at our monthly meetings; and I dare not attempt to express my sense of our great loss. His was, indeed, a noble nature. I sometimes felt that there was a depth to it which I could not fathom, and a height I could not reach. I never saw one who desired more to bring every act of his life to the touchstone of conscience. The events of the last four years brought out some traits of his character into bold relief. He threw himself into the cause of the Union with the greatest energy and zeal. If the occasion had called for it, and his strength had permitted, he would not have hesitated to shoulder his musket, and to go through the battles of the Wilderness. His "Historical Research" was prepared, I know, under the highest sense of duty.

The events which came so thickly upon us about the time of the breaking-up of the rebellion, now so joyous and then so sad, sounding the very depths of our natures, were almost too much for the delicate organization of our friend.

I saw Mr. Livermore during his last illness; the last time, a few weeks before he died. His mind was in a delightful frame. I could not but feel, as I left his room, that it was indeed "the chamber where the good man meets his fate." He passed quietly away. A kind Providence granted to him the blessing of euthanasia.

The Hon. GEORGE S. HILLARD then spoke as follows: —

I suppose, that, with the exception of Mr. Deane, I am that member of the Society whose acquaintance with our departed friend is of the longest date. I began to know him at about the same time that Mr. Deane did. Mr. Livermore was at that time a young man, newly started in business, and beginning the collection of that library which was to him through life a source of such high pleasure. I remember well the visit to

Europe which has been alluded to. He was the bearer of a letter of introduction from Mr. Sumner to a surviving member of Mr. Roscoe's family, by whom he was received with a kindness due to his cultivation and attractive manners. He spoke to me, upon his return, with peculiar animation of the pleasure he had had in seeing the treasures of the Spencer collection, under the guidance of Dr. Dibdin, and how much the veteran bibliographer was surprised and gratified to learn that here in this remote America we were familiar with his name and writings.

What you have said, Mr. President, what Mr. Deane has said, do no more than justice to Mr. Livermore's worth. I recognize no exaggeration anywhere. In looking back upon his life and character, I see prominently in him the graces of purity, sweetness, refinement, gentleness, and disinterestedness. There was something of feminine delicacy in his organization and the nature of his tastes. He was born with the appetites and the apprehension of a scholar. He loved his books, and he read them carefully and conscientiously. All his researches were conducted in a very thorough manner, and guided by a genuine love of truth.

But Mr. Livermore was not merely a student, a scholar, a lover of books, the collector of a large and precious library: he was at once a man of business and a man of letters; a combination not indeed peculiar to our country, but found here, I think, in higher perfection than anywhere else. He lived in two worlds, one of which was his library, and the other was his counting-room; and, when he was in his counting-room, he did not permit any thoughts of his library to fetter his movements. He was an energetic and accomplished man of business. In the course of a business life of a quarter of a century, he encountered his share of struggles and difficulties; but he met these with a resolute and manly spirit. I have no doubt that he sometimes chafed under the necessity of going every day to his counting-room; I have no doubt

that he often looked forward with longing to the time when he could give himself up, unreservedly and exclusively, to his beloved studies; and yet I have no question that this enforced discipline was salutary to the growth alike of his mind and his character. I think that his struggle with life, his daily contact with material interests, gave tone to his moral and intellectual fibre. He was a better scholar, a better writer, on account of the training which his counting-room gave him. Had he been born to wealth, had he been at liberty to indulge his fine and delicate tastes without interruption, he might have degenerated into an intellectual voluptuary. His life was wisely ordered for him.

The Rev. ANDREW P. PEABODY, D.D., paid an affectionate and touching tribute to Mr. Livermore's character, which he had always regarded with the highest reverence. He was followed by RICHARD H. DANA, Jr., Esq., who alluded to the days when he and Mr. Livermore went to the same school together at Cambridgeport; his pleasant recollections of him there; and the high respect he had ever felt for him since.

CHARLES FOLSOM, Esq., read the following letter which he had just written to a friend on the death of Mr. Livermore: —

MY DEAR SIR, — I have to announce to you the death of that dear friend I have so often spoken to you of, and whom I had fondly hoped to bring you acquainted with. Know that it was a source of deep regret to him that he could not welcome you to his house, as he had long been prepared to welcome you to his heart. His constitution gave way in the struggle, and paralysis gently closed the scene. A thousand ties are suddenly loosened; and you will see many tokens of profound public as well as private sorrow.

But, you will say, who, after all, was Mr. George Livermore

that your whole community seems so moved by his loss? He was a middle-aged gentleman, a merchant by profession; he was an elegant scholar, through self-culture; but, above all, he was a ripe Christian man. However subsidiary to his influence may have been a competent fortune, and the charm of a cultivated taste adorning a wealth of lore in some departments of letters, it was chiefly what he was in himself, — his high principles in fine action never intermitted, — that constituted his strength in the affections of his fellow-men. It was as if, in his case too, in his early youth, some kind relative had said to him, "Never be mean, never be false, never be cruel: avoid these vices, and I shall have good hope of you;" — and that on this he had at once rushed towards the opposite moral heights, becoming the very soul of honor, placing a window in his bosom, and making his life one continual stream of active beneficence, — brotherly kindness to the lowliest, gentle and manly courtesy to his equals, modest deference to those he counted his superiors, of whom indeed he had few, except in some of the advantages of early scholastic training.

It would be in vain for me to attempt to represent him to you in the multiplied relations he held to this community. I have not words now to denote him fitly; but it will always be, that "those who paint him truest, praise him most."

You would at once have been friends. Your very diversities would have knit you together. Your temperaments were unlike. The sensitiveness of his nature denied to him your perennial sunshine. For long years, like you, he was subject to serious physical discomfort, which is so apt to tend to selfish results, but, as you both knew, when it takes the other turn, finds its greatest alleviation in promoting, and thus sharing, the happiness of others.

His life was a poem. I never read those noble lyrics of Wesley without seeing him as the embodiment of them; — "A charge to keep I have;" — "I want a principle within;" —

"Quick as the apple of an eye, O God! my conscience make;" — "A spirit still prepared, for ever standing on its guard; — A single, steady aim, unmoved by threatening or reward." And, in the spirit of another strain, how often have I seen him in the morning start from his home, eager

> "To crowd the narrow span of life
> With wise designs and virtuous deeds"!

It was true of him, if ever of any man, that "in simplicity and godly sincerity he had his conversation in the world."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes made the following remarks: —

Mr. Dana's allusion to the school which he attended with Mr. Livermore leads me to recall a few facts relating to that school, and to my own association with our lamented colleague.

It was about the year 1819 that the school in question was established, by the efforts of the late Dr. James P. Chaplin, and some others. The first instructor was Edward S. Dickinson, a graduate of Harvard College, then a student of medicine. Other instructors, for a longer or shorter time, were the Rev. Samuel Barrett, the Rev. Ezra Stiles Gannett, Mr. John Frost, Mr. Edward Frost, the Rev. Nathaniel Gage, Mr. Thaddeus Bowman Bigelow. I remember attending under all these; but I cannot be sure of the order in which they became masters.

This school was limited to thirty students, and was considered a decided advance upon the previously existing educational establishments of Cambridge. I used to hear it called the "Academy," occasionally, by natives of the region. The place where it was kept, during most of the time while I attended it, was on the left-hand side of Prospect Street turning from Main Street, of which Mr. Dowse's house forms

the corner. I attended this school about five years, leaving it in 1824.

Of the members of it during this period, several have been widely known. Mr. Dana must allow me to mention his name among these, and, with his, those of Margaret Fuller and George Livermore.

The boys were a somewhat fighting set; and our champion, a nephew of the most celebrated of American painters, had at least two regular pitched battles with outside fellows, who challenged the pretensions of the young gentlemen of the "Academy."

George Livermore came among this rather rough crowd, the mildest and quietest of boys; slight, almost feminine in aspect, quite alien to all such doings. I do not remember him as conspicuous in any active play, still less as ever quarrelling with anybody. He was a lamb-like creature, who made us all feel kindly to him, — this I can remember, and his looks, so delicate and gentle; but I am afraid I have nothing more to tell of that period of his life.

Since those early days, I have seen too little of my old schoolmate. But there are many friends whose presence we feel always about us, though we too rarely look upon their faces, or listen to their voices. Perhaps we never know how true this is of them until death takes them away. Then we find that there is less light in the day, less life in the air, than while they were with us. How many there are who feel, that the two cities between which his life was shared, that our New England, that the commonwealth of learning, are sensibly poorer for the loss of one such life as that of our sweet scholar! Loving books and letters so dearly, he had yet love enough left over to make him the warmest-hearted of friends and of citizens.

Our colleague, Mr. Dana, has spoken of the value of such an example in a community like our own I may be permitted to mention, that, in a lecture delivered during the last

winter, I took the liberty to hold up the course of Mr. Livermore as a pattern to a class of American citizens, our successful men of business. When a plain suburban settlement like Cambridgeport can set before the world two such examples as those of Thomas Dowse and George Livermore, — men who in their different spheres illustrated their every-day working lives with the light of literary culture, — what may we not hope from the growth of institutions which can give us such citizens, when they shall have carried education with freedom, through freedom, and for freedom, over all our land?

I regret that I can add so little to what has been eloquently and sincerely spoken. Yet this glance at the benches of the little school-room, where I first met the gentle boy who became the honored citizen and distinguished scholar, might excuse my claiming a few moments of your time. To me it is delightful to recall that loving, innocent face of my early schoolmate, which had lost no trace of its purity and sweetness when forty years later I looked upon it, still in death, but graven with the record of a life which was filled with good deeds and beautiful thoughts.

The Rev. Robert C. Waterston, the Hon. Richard Frothingham, and the Rev. Edward E. Hale, each paid brief but warm tributes to the many virtues of their lamented friend and associate.

The Resolutions were unanimously adopted, and Mr. Deane was appointed to write the customary Memoir for the Proceedings of the Society.